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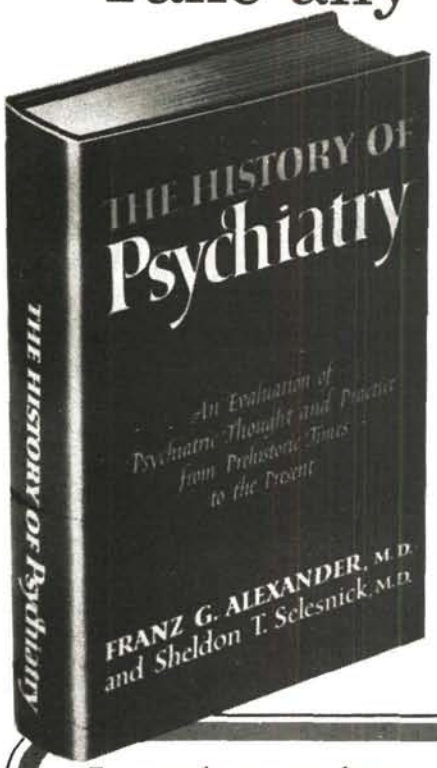
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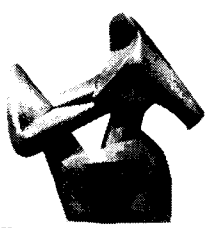

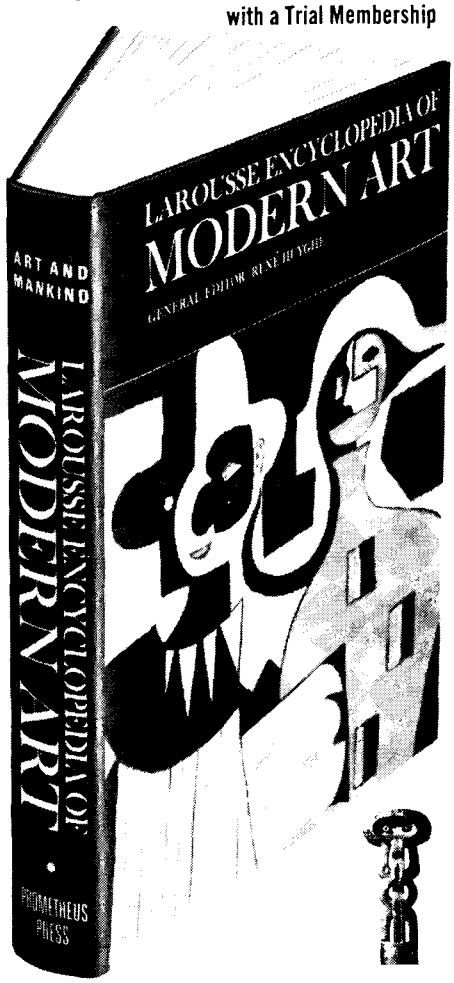

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Vorster and Dirksen

★ In the sky two men orbited the earth. In London Prime Minister Wilson fought to keep the race issue from wrecking the British Commonwealth. In Djibouti, French Somaliland (just visited by General de Gaulle) crowds rioted for independence. In South Africa a racist pro-Nazi prime minister, Vorster succeeded a racist pro-Nazi premier, Verwoerd. In Grenada, Miss., a crowd of screaming white men, swinging ax handles and chains, forced a 12-year-old Negro school child with a broken leg to crawl away from school while police stood by.

The Senate met an hour earlier than usual. The clerk droned the names. They would continue debate on the Civil Rights Act of 1966. Fifty minutes later, at 11:50, the Senate gets a quorum. Tousle-headed GOP leader Dirksen leans one crutch against his mahogany desk, balances himself with the other crutch under his left arm, and begins speaking.

The watered-down bill requires apartment-house owners and certain other categories of renters and builders not to refuse to rent or sell to Negroes. It will apply to about 40 percent of the nation's dwellings.

The bill represents the moment of truth for Americans. If passed it will let Negroes scatter out through Northern suburbs. This is not just the South that is affected. This, at last, is all America.

The bill is a "package of mischief," Dirksen says. He doesn't "scare easy," he boasts, and this is an invasion of property rights. He has been to the White House the night before. No, he will have none of it. Senators, he says, are not easily frightened. It is not the *color* of tenants in Chicago ghettos that he objects to, he explains; it is their *conduct*. (South Africa's new premier says he doesn't object to blacks either; it's just their general inferiority.)

Dirksen's voice is low-keyed, colloquial, humorous, effective. Having said that senators shouldn't be frightened he quietly tries to frighten them. Yesterday, he recalls, a racist candidate, George Mahoney, won the Democratic governorship nomination in Maryland. (Mahoney, a six-time loser, apparently squeaked through ahead of three other candidates, on the slogan "your home is your castle." Mahoney is called a White Man's White Man.)

Dirksen throws his locks about. He reminds senators that Mahoney was "unequivocally against open occupancy." While he talks Paul Douglas comes on the floor, his white mane making him conspicuous. He is from Illinois, too, of course; he has to come back from campaigning in a life-and-death battle to vote "Aye" for cloture.

Dirksen concludes with another veiled warning of the white backlash: Postpone the vote till after the election, he pleads: "if the result is what I think it will be there are going to be some surprises!" Neither on the floor nor in the galleries is there a Negro.

Doomed Vote

★ Now it is six p.m. The Senate is voting. What animation. It makes a vast difference to see seats occupied, galleries full. Clerks and secretaries hurry in and wall the rear. Reporters grab roll-call sheets to mark Yeas and Nays. Electric bells all through the Senate area of Capitol Hill begin to vibrate, a single long warning note. You realize that the same note is ringing in the two huge Senate office buildings, in the gymnasium, in the men's rooms.

"Aiken!" calls the clerk, and the doomed vote begins. It is doomed because it requires a two-thirds majority. This vote isn't on the measure itself, but whether to take up the measure, to apply closure. There will be a simple majority, but not a two-thirds majority, everybody feels.

The vote is 54-42; 10 votes short. Democrats voted 42-21, to apply closure; Republicans 12-21, against. In effect it is a deathblow to civil rights. . . . The crowd breaks up, surges down the marble stairways under heroic paintings. It is moist outside after a torrential rain. You go out in a reverie. How many, many times you have gone out like this, after discouraging votes, wondering about things. Up there somewhere the astronauts are circling. Down here you reflect, for a minute, on the future of the Republican Party.

In the short run the Republicans sense victory ahead. In six weeks they will almost inevitably regain a package of House seats, lost in the Goldwater debacle. Opinion here seems to have fixed on 35-40 seats, though TRB thinks it will be larger. But that is the normal bounce-back at mid-term for the opposition. Where does the party of Lincoln go after that?

In the dazzling record of the 89th Congress the GOP has almost inevitably opposed. Its own professionals, the staff of the Senate GOP Policy Committee, urged it to widen its voter appeal. In a study, *Where the Votes Are*, the staff said that the party must start immediately to win back alienated people; catch up with modern times and education, anti-pollution, poverty, race tension and the like. "Those problems," it underlined, "today and tomorrow, are centered in the American metropolis."

Yet the Republicans haven't done much for the cities. They've gone back to old war cries – budget-cutting, government interference, bureaucracy. They fought the Administration's "demonstration cities" bill, rent subsidies, Medicare – nearly everything else. And now GOP leader Dirksen has led the defeat of civil rights.

Dirksen couldn't have succeeded, you reflect, without support from the public. Negative support, maybe; the absence of strong pressure for the bill. In an indirect but real way the Senate spoke for the nation. Never mind the archaic parliamentary system. No, this Congress has passed other civil rights bills and could pass this, with ardent pressure from voters. The difference is, as weather-vane Dirksen instinctively knows, that this bill brought desegregation out of Birmingham and Atlanta into Boston and Detroit and Chicago; into quiet suburbs, into the house across the street, the apartment across the hall. . . .

Speaking for America, Dirksen and the Senate preferred riots.

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Tax Those Profits

Treasury Secretary Henry H. Fowler told the House Ways and Means Committee last week, "The key economic difficulty today is one of imbalance rather than [excessive] overall demand." That's so. But he and Commerce Secretary John T. Connor didn't persuade skeptical congressmen that President Johnson's proposed remedies – suspension of fast tax write-offs and tax credits to investing businessmen – will put things right. The cause of the imbalance is a combination of high Vietnam war spending and wickedly high corporate profits. The country is now having an old-fashioned over-investment boom, which need not have happened and won't be easy to cure. Had profits not been encouraged to balloon at the expense of other incomes, the economy could have continued to grow at the highly satisfactory annual rate of 5½ percent, and prices could have stayed stable. Now that the avoidable damage has been done and inflation has appeared, it seems we are going to have an economy drive (though not on Vietnam) even though 3.9 percent unemployment means almost four million workers seeking in vain for jobs. Negro unemployment, moreover, is not four but eight percent, and teenage unemployment stands still higher, at 12 percent.

Mr. Johnson is at pains to rebuke skepticism. The Great Society, he says, is suffering only a temporary postponement. But skepticism is not confined to Congress; it is spreading rapidly throughout the country and is chiefly responsible for the President's shrinking popularity. The Administration knows where it went wrong but lacks the political courage to say so, at least until after November. The danger is that courage will continue to be lacking, even then; this always is the prospect when principle is rounded into consensus by having its edges snipped off.

Back in 1962, the Joint Economic Committee of Congress warned that the seven percent investment tax credit which was then being proposed, was subsequently adopted, and is now being ignominiously suspended, "will tend to accentuate the instability of investment by encouraging over-investment in boom periods." Exactly what has occurred. As Professor Burkhead says in his letter in this issue, the seven percent credit has worked, along with corporate tax cuts and Vietnam spending, to boost profits, which have been absorbing an increasing share of the national income. The consequence has been a regressive redistribution of wealth, exacerbated recently by the steep rise in the price of money. Interest rates are at their highest level for nearly 40 years. This has by no means checked borrowing for further over-

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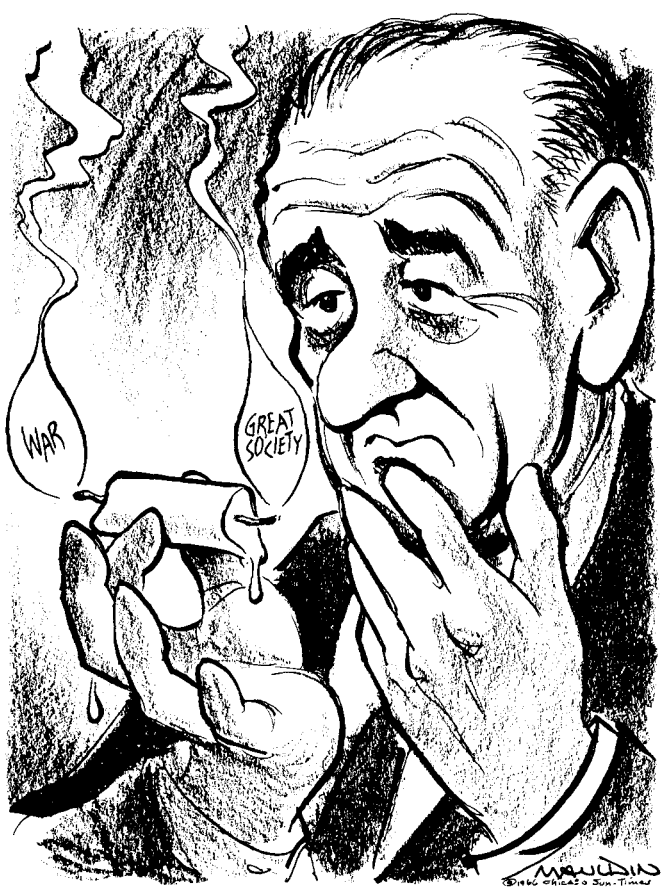
investment or speculation, but it has effectively choked home-building and home-buying.

In his September 8 message to Congress, Mr. Johnson urged the banks to "handle money and credit equitably and without extracting excessive profits." Why single out the banks, when profiteering is rampant? Mr. Johnson calculates that the recent increase in the price of steel added "about $50 million to steel companies' after-tax revenue." The price increase was quite unjustified, for the net cost of producing steel had fallen, after taking into account increases in the cost of labor. Much the same can be said about manufacturing in general; unit labor costs fell in the past five years, nevertheless prices of manufactured goods rose in the same period by almost as much. This year, unit labor costs in manufacturing are up by a tenth of one percent over last year; but wholesale prices of industrial goods are up by 2.8 percent. Profits in five years have risen 67 percent, after tax; wages only 21 percent.

One scarcely need scratch his head over why investment has risen twice as fast as the national income, why factories can't produce equipment fast enough to please impatient businessmen, why "the capital markets are clogged with excessive demands for funds to finance investment." Profits are sky-high, that's the reason. But so are prices. The President's economic adviser, Gardner Ackley, explains: "Attempts to raise the profits share of our national income can be consistent with price stability only if some other group – and that means mainly labor – is willing to let its share of the national income decline." Of course, the unions aren't willing to do anything of the kind. Mr. Johnson asks that "industries forego price increases where there are no increases in costs, and reduce prices where costs fall." The industrialists have been doing precisely the opposite.



Suspending the incentive to investment, in the form of the seven percent tax credit and the depreciation write-off, is supposed to cool the capital boom. But the Administration has dithered and dallied until the boom may now be in its late stages. It already shows the classic symptoms of a money squeeze and a falling stock market. Even if the anti-inflation measures rally the market by easing its jitters, they won't necessarily correct the economic imbalance. Mr. Johnson admits there is a 15-month backlog now on orders for machine-tools, which means his measures may not get a grip on the situation until late next year, by which time the boom may be petering out. In that event, the medicine will be all wrong.

Congress refused to let the President have the discretionary taxing authority he wanted so as to make quick use of taxes for controlling the economy's direction and pace. If they can't be used quickly, taxes are no good at all for that purpose. Congress is apparently still stuck with the notion that taxes should be raised or lowered purely for revenue. This ostrich attitude is an impediment to getting the country back on the right economic track, but there are worse ones, for which the Administration not Congress alone is to blame. Thus, Mr. Johnson acknowledges that the federal budget is (unlike profits) a shrinking percentage of the national product, in spite of the enormous sums going to defense; he says that if the Administration were spending 17 percent of the national income, as it was doing in 1955, instead of less than 15 percent, the budget last year would have been $15 billion more. But the federal government's relative frugality benefits only the profits share of the national income, for much federal taxation and still more state and local taxation is shockingly regressive. Sales taxes, cigarette taxes and gasoline taxes account for a good part of the increase, in state and local taxes since 1950, from $16 billion to almost $52-billion. There is almost certainly going to be another turn of the federal screw soon, because of supplemental defense appropriations for Vietnam.

The question the President hasn't faced up to yet is whether he's going to let the Great Society be squeezed right out of the picture, or is going to rescue it but risk his consensus by taxing the rich more than the poor and putting a ceiling on profits.

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The Primary Mix

The backlashers and the hawks did not exactly triumph, but they had a better day than they expected in last Tuesday's primaries on the East Coast. A fierce opponent of "fair housing" won (pending a possible recheck) the Democratic nomination for governor in Maryland. "Peace candidates" got only tiny fractions of the vote in Massachusetts, Maryland, and New Jersey. In New Hampshire, a Strangelovely air force general, recently retrieved from a post in Labrador, won the Republican nomination for the US Senate.

As often as not, New Hampshire Republicans have delighted in defying the conservative label traditionally thrust upon them. In 1962 they gave Eisenhower his first primary victory over Robert Taft, and in their 1964 primary they handed Barry Goldwater a telling first defeat. On Tuesday, just to keep things unpredictable, they gave the Senate nomination to Brigadier General Harrison R. Thyng, USAF, Ret., a blunt enemy of civil rights legislation, foreign aid and restraint in Vietnam. Thyng's most persistent and apparently effective campaign pledge was that he would expose Defense Secretary McNamara's "unilateral disarmament of the United States" on the floor of the Senate. He had assured New Hampshire voters that the war in Vietnam could be ended with ten days of intensive (but conventional) bombing in the north. (Later, he lengthened his estimate to three weeks, or a "short time.")

Thyng's nomination in a primary that attracted scarcely 100,000 voters reflects the disarray among the state's Republicans since the death of Styles Bridges in 1961. Democrat Thomas J. McIntyre won the last four years of Bridges' term in 1962. Six Republican candidates entered the race this year hoping to recapture what they still call "Styles' seat," but with Bridges' widow Deloris and his administrative assistant, former Governor Wesley Powell, also in the Senate race, Thyng had to struggle for every conservative vote. Thyng's decisive advantage was the support of William Loeb's *Manchester Union Leader*, the largest paper in New Hampshire and the only daily with state-wide circulation. For old kingmaker Loeb, six years without a significant winner, the Thyng campaign was a comeback.

After failing to entice astronaut Alan Shepard into the race, Loeb began his "draft Thyng" movement last November and sent his Sunday editor, Bernard McQuaid, to talk business with the general, then with the North American Defense Command in Labrador. Thyng was silent until the air force had transferred him from Labrador to the Air Defense Command in Washington for two months and then sent him on a 10-day inspection tour of "air-to-air combat tactics" in Vietnam. The day after he returned he made his retirement formal and declared for the Senate. He campaigned with almost daily coverage in the *Union Leader* from that time on.

When William R. Johnson, the moderate Republican state committee chairman, jumped into the race, Loeb wrote with customary emphasis: "The only people opposing Harry Thyng in New Hampshire are these left-wing, anti-God, anti-patriotism newspaper publishers, and the usual Ivy League eggheads, who are also against God and country and are in favor of world government and appeasement."

Thyng's 27 years as a professional soldier have given his speech a warm drawl and a military vocabulary. "I am the man," he boomed at the candidates' nights that still dominate New Hampshire campaigning, "who can go down to Washington and eliminate the man who is holding up the effort over there—that is Secretary McNamara." McNamara's problem is that "he is not a professional fighter." "We are now flying 1,000 sorties a day over South Vietnam and 100 sorties a day over North Vietnam. If we reversed that ratio and neutralized the military targets – docks, airports, railroads, electric power plants, munitions factories and all roads – we could end their ability to aid the war."

The air force general staff knew of Thyng's interest in running when it brought him back to Washington and then dispatched him to Saigon on a final assignment. Thyng has acknowledged to reporters that his friends in the air force urged him to run and were "helping" him in the campaign. Through New Hampshire's campaign fund disclosure law, it has been revealed that about 95 percent of Thyng's reported contributions came from outside the state. Fifteen hundred dollars came from H. L. Hunt and another $2,000 came from others at Hunt's address in Dallas; a mysterious $4,999 came from the Committee for Good Government in Pawtucket, R.I.

In Maryland's gubernatorial contest, it was another thing. Democrat George P. Mahoney was quite openly the candidate of the backlash. He based his whole campaign on opposition to the fair housing section of the federal civil rights bill. It got him more votes than any of the other seven Democratic candidates, but barely 30 percent of the total. That was – Maryland liberals pointed out hopefully – considerably less than George Wallace's 43 percent of the state Democratic presidential primary vote in 1964. Rep. Carlton Sickles, who got about a thousand votes less than Mahoney in the un-recounted returns, maintained a strong pro-fair housing position. So far, the vote for Mahoney has not caused more moderate Maryland politicians to panic; the day after the primary, both US senators voted for cloture on the civil rights bill filibuster.

Massachusetts Democrats were voting last week in senatorial and gubernatorial primaries billed as tests of both backlash and the anti-war strength. Neither materialized. Thomas Boylston Adams, the Senate "peace

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candidate," got about eight percent of the vote, which was 400 percent better than his predecessor of the same persuasion, Prof. H. Stuart Hughes, who ran in 1962. The main Senate contest was between former Gov. Endicott Peabody and Boston Mayor John F. Collins, who tried to exploit the race issue with a singular lack of success. He kept condemning George Lincoln Rockwell and Stokely Carmichael, with the emphasis on Carmichael. He bitterly condemned civil disobedience – in a not terribly oblique reference to the arrest of Peabody's mother two years ago in a civil rights demonstration in St. Augustine. Collins' campaign aide said the main issue was civil rights: "the Republican candidate is a Negro, Edward Brooke, and 'Chub' Peabody's mother was arrested for sit-ins."

In the governor's race, former Kennedy aide Kenneth O'Donnell made a strong, though unsuccessful showing against Edward J. McCormack, Jr., the Speaker's nephew. Kennedy byzantinism may have done O'Donnell in: Senator Teddy thought he was a loser and declared "hands-off"; Senator Bobby flew into Boston at the last minute and embraced his old colleague. At that point, no one knew who was for whom, and it was easier to vote for McCormack.

Vietnam Elections

The elections in South Vietnam on September 11 were neither the "triumph for democracy" that Washington avers nor the "political Dien Bien Phu for the Viet Cong" claimed by Air Vice Marshal Ky. As Bernard Fall pointed out ("Vietnam's Twelve Elections," *NR*, May 14, 1966), the Vietnamese have long experience with the electoral process – and with its doctoring by the authorities.

According to the highly approximate South Vietnamese population statistics available (there has not been a full census in the country in 30 years), South Vietnam today has a population of slightly over 16 million. Likewise, according to figures cited by administration experts in recent testimony before Congress, about 54 percent of the total South Vietnamese population is under effective control of the Saigon government, which would account for about 9,640,000 Vietnamese. It must, however, be remembered that in an underdeveloped and high birthrate country such as Vietnam, at least one-half of the population is under 18 years old. That would leave about 4,820,000 Vietnamese of voting age under government control; and of those, 56 percent were registered for voting. That would amount to a total of 2,669,200. In turn, 80 percent of those who registered are said to have finally voted; which, on the basis of the above calculation, would have meant that a total of 2,135,000 South Vietnamese actually turned out for voting, not the 4,274,812 announced in Saigon.

Suspicions of ballot-box stuffing become stronger as the percentage returns of individual provinces are examined. For example, Binh Dinh province in II Corps area, the habitat of at least two Viet Cong regiments and the scene of Operations "White Wing" and "Masher" and of a new helicopter-borne operation said to be the target of the whole war, is reported to have voted at a fantastic rate of over 90 percent. Camau Peninsula, a communist stronghold for over two decades, voted to the extent of 85 percent. Not one of even the most guerrilla-infiltrated areas showed a voting record of less than 72 percent. Credulity is being put to an almost unendurable test.

Nevertheless, to have something else than a military junta to deal with in Vietnam should be greeted with cautious optimism. For assemblies, as the Third Estate showed Louis XVI in 1789 or as Sukarno's own handpicked assembly showed last fall, have a way of outgrowing their creators.

What Happened in Atlanta

Reports from Atlanta during the week of intermittent slum rioting suggested that the city had been some sort of paragon of progress and harmony. "Atlanta's Near-Perfect Race Relations Record Is Damaged by Riots," the *Washington Daily News* bannered. Under two successive "moderate" white mayors and the pressures of a booming, Northern-style economy, the city *has* dulled the sharp edges of racism which cut into most other Southern towns. Nevertheless, there has been pervasive poverty and powerlessness among the ghetto Negroes, and the fact that they can now eat in downtown restaurants, vote in elections, and get whacked by black instead of white policemen seems not to have moderated their anger.

The disturbances began September 6 in the Summerhill area of southeast Atlanta, in the shadow of the new $18-million municipal stadium and the great ribbons of new freeways. A young white policeman shot a black car-theft suspect. A protest began spontaneously, but there was a three-hour build-up of rumors and exhortations before the main bout of brick-throwing and rampaging began. During that time, Stokely Carmichael, chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, toured the area and a SNCC sound-truck encouraged the protest. Speakers claimed the Negro victim was "murdered" (it was later learned he survived the two gunshot wounds). Police arrested the two SNCC workers operating the truck. In the next few hours, 60 Negroes were picked from the crowd and arrested. Mayor Ivan Allen visited the area and climbed

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atop a car to reason together with his constituents. He was stoned and shaken off the car, but got a congratulating phone call from Vice President Humphrey.

Next day, ten SNCC members were arrested for trying to organize a protest march. There were more disturbances that night, and the following day Carmichael, like other civil rights leaders, went from house to house talking with "folks." He was followed by two white policemen, who asked residents whether he was trespassing. Policemen dogged his steps. That night he was arrested and charged with "inciting to riot."

Later in the week, a Negro was shot by a white man on another slum street, called Boulevard, and more rioting began, with cries of "black power." The action continued for three nights. Carmichael was still in jail.

The two most militant Southern civil rights groups – SNCC and Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference – have their home bases in Atlanta, but their actual work in the city has been minimal. SNCC poked around Summerhill some years ago, but recently has been spending more time in Vine City, a ghetto across town. There have been no major disturbances there (which suggests one theory of riots: they happen where there is no grassroots organization). Summerhill had little interest in SNCC or SCLC, but as the riots flared both organizations began moving to consolidate their following. Dr. King and his barricades commander, Hosea Williams, announced an assault on the "myth" of Atlanta's good race relations. SNCC promised bigger and better organization of the Negroes. And there may be more protests.

Whether either can deliver on its promises remains to be seen. Mayor Allen has been able to keep a lid on the poor blacks by the shrewd deployment of representatives of Atlanta's large middle-class Negro population, who have less use for the slum-dwellers than Allen does. SNCC believes that the Allen attack on their organization was long in the planning. In any event, Allen seized the opportunity to try to destroy SNCC as a threat to his harmonious hegemony. Allen is subtle, but his idea was more crudely expressed by Rep. Wayne L. Hays (D, Ohio), who called for action against Carmichael: "If there is a law prohibiting him from crossing state lines to incite riots, the Attorney General should enforce it," he told the House of Representatives. "If there is not, the Attorney General should be in here asking for one."

Blaming SNCC will make it easier for Atlanta to forget about Summerhill, Boulevard, Vine City, and all the other slums that the white community leaves untouched. But there are some small stirrings of concern. The private Human Relations Council set out a list of 20 grievances it thought were justifiably held in Summerhill, and were attributable not to SNCC but to Atlanta's neglect.

Small Business Loans

Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity is about to dump its part of the poverty loan program into the lap of Bernard Boutin's Small Business Administration. And Mr. Boutin, who has more confidence in SBA's bankers than in Community Action OEO-style, is anxious to get his hands on it. Until now the program has been a joint effort – OEO maintaining community loan offices and SBA putting up the cash and deciding finally who gets it.

The idea of the program, which was written into the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, was to give long-term, low-interest loans to struggling small businessmen, to poor people who wanted to open a store, and to entrepreneurs who agree to hire poor people. Negro businessmen, especially, have had a hard time getting bank loans, because they were black and because often they didn't have good credit or the necessary collateral. The Small Business Administration, whose idea of a small business is one that grosses less than a million dollars a year, had never wanted to be bothered with high-risk loans to ghetto business.

The relative success of a pilot project begun by SBA in 1963 to offer small, long-term "character" loans to persons who appeared to be conscientious and stood a good chance of paying the money back prompted inclusion of a loan program in the Poverty War.

The Economic Opportunity Loan program has not been a notable success. In the beginning, a single loan applicant had to make less than $1,540 a year to qualify. This ruled out virtually all owners of existing businesses. Later, the income criteria were liberalized to $2,310, then to $4,040 ($7,590 for a family of seven or more). That brought in more applicants but not many more. It was hard to find people who wanted to start new businesses, who made very little money, and who at the same time evinced promise of success. By adopting criteria which were mutually exclusive the government hasn't been able to find enough takers even for the $28 million in loan money available last year (1,500 loans amounting to about $18 million). Berkeley Burrell, a successful Washington dry cleaner and president of the Negro National Business League, believes they have been "looking for the impossible man – a person who has 1) management ability 2) good credit 3) demonstrated ability to repay and 4) who is in poverty."

The final blow was the elimination from eligibility of people who were not exactly poor themselves but who would hire the poor. This was done on the ground that the program had not resulted in any significant new employment. Many wondered how anything so small in conception and so hamstrung in implementation

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could ever make much of a dent in unemployment.

It is understandable, given these circumstances, that OEO should decide that it has other, more important wars to fight and is therefore willing to shunt off its responsibility to SBA. Robert Perrin, assistant director of OEO, mused to a congressional committee, "We at OEO sometimes question whether this program properly is part of the arsenal of weapons over which we have primary and statutory jurisdiction. Perhaps it could better be handled solely as an SBA operation. . . ."

Actually he was not pondering a possible administrative transfer. The decision had already been made, and SBA already had its plans in writing (for its staff's eyes). Mr. Boutin, who used to be deputy director of OEO and was once a partner in the Busy Corner Store in Laconia, New Hampshire, knows what he wants to do. He will scuttle the community loan offices (Small Business Development Centers) OEO had set up and whose boards of directors were the program's only link with the community: "The SBDC's will be eliminated and their function will be assumed by SBA personnel." Boutin does not wish to rely on people outside the government. He lamented to the House Small Business Committee that, "we have a government entity subject to government standards and restrictions on the one hand, dealing with an unfettered organization, part of Community Action who are completely non-government on the other." Actually, it has not been Small Business Development Centers which have made the loans in any case; SBDC's beat the bushes for applicants, gave management training, helped write up applications, but SBA has had to approve the loans.

The Boutin plan also provides that henceforth "the program will be made available in all regional offices [of SBA] without geographic restrictions." This is an advantage over the provious requirement that loans be made only in communities with SBDC's, which ruled out potential applicants in nearly half the states and in rural areas. The 72 regional offices of SBA, on the other hand, are distributed throughout the country. "Both eligibility criteria and credit standards will be revised with a view to freeing the program from restrictions to persons in or near poverty and focusing efforts on those among the culturally disadvantaged with real potential for business success." This sounds as if existing business will again have a chance at some of the 5,600 loans SBA plans to give out in fiscal 1967 (worth $50 million), but also that the hard banker's judgments may be creeping back into SBA's lending.

The final change is the phasing out of SBA's separate poverty loan office, whose director Benjamin Goldstein, has already been told he can look for another job. SBA's regular business loan office will now take care of poverty loans as well.

All of the changes, the transfer of authority from OEO to SBA, the dumping of Community Action, the new loan criteria, all hinge on congressional approval of a floor amendment to the poverty bill of 1966 when it comes up in the House soon. Its author, Rep. John Dingell (D. Mich.) expects no opposition, except perhaps from someone like Burkeley Burrell who has watched the SBA and suspects an agency which "has no historical record of being responsive" to the small Negro businessman.

Bogies and Budgets

No calendar is needed by an experienced Washington observer to spot the approach of federal budget time. Typical harbinger of Pentagon in-fighting for "budget high ground" is the newspaper report that the Soviet submarine fleet has grown by gigantic proportions with increasing numbers of subs being sighted off our coasts, attributed to never-identified "Navy officials." The fledgling National Aeronautics and Space Administration has also learned the rules under which the game is played. Its officials privately admit that the upcoming budget is a critical one. Unless NASA can devise a follow-on manned space project to succeed its present Apollo lunar landing program which can be sold to President Johnson and Congress, it must soon begin to cut back its organization.

Until several years ago the Russians proved cooperative. Now there are "disquieting" signs that the Soviets may have quietly withdrawn from the moon race. ("Russia and the Moon," *NR*, Sept. 10.) If Congress also concludes that we are racing only ourselves, NASA faces even more serious budget difficulties in fiscal 1968.

Small wonder that within a week after the "Russia and the Moon" article appeared, a front-page story in the *Washington Post* revealed that "The United States has information that Soviet Russia is developing a rocket booster bigger and more powerful than its own . . . Saturn 5 moon rocket." The newspaper didn't give its source of information, but it noted the disclosure "comes at a critical time for . . . National Aeronautics and Space Administration officials now are competing desperately for scarce budget dollars. . . ."

Two days later a similar article appeared in *The New York Times* which more cautiously reported: "The Soviet Union is believed to have finally begun developing a rocket of 7.5 to 10 million pounds of thrust, enough to send men to the moon or past Mars, official sources said today."

To some this will suggest, and is meant to, that the Russians are about to challenge us to a race to send men around Mars, which just happens to be one of the manned space projects that some NASA officials would like to see as the successor to Apollo.

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Marching for a "Ghastly Recompense" in Texas

San Antonio

The strikers' march from the Rio Grande Valley was at an end. Ten thousand voices roared out *"Viva la huelga!"* long live the strike – at the front door of the Texas capitol, Labor Day, 1966.

Generation after generation, Americans of Mexican descent have been victims of the harshest kind of economic persecution, though in South Texas they are the majority. Their lot is worse than that of the migratory worker from Mexico, whose country contracts minimum standards that are not guaranteed to a Juan Tortilla born on the north side of the Rio Grande; he makes about 50 cents an hour.

The 400-mile march began in early July from Rio Grande City, roughly halfway between Laredo and Brownsville. The stars and stripes and the banner of the National Farm Workers Association – red background with a black thunderbird in a white circle – fluttered in the breeze at the head of the marchers, who were led by a Baptist preacher, Rev. James L. Navarro, Roman Catholic Father Antonio Gonzales wearing the Star of David and with a crucifix in hand, and Eugene Nelson, picket captain in the farm laborers' strike last year against the grape growers of California. Alongside them marched a burro named "$1.25," symbolizing the minimum wage the marchers would ask Governor Connally and the legislature to establish by law.

In Rio Grande City, the Rev. William Killian, editor of Archbishop Robert E. Lucey's newspaper, shouted through a portable loudspeaker, "We're saying loud and clear in the presence of God and in the presence of the Mother of God that we're marching under the banner of the United States; we're marching under the banner of Our Lady of Guadalupe. And I say to the power structure that these people are going to march and march until they have their rights." (Archbishop Lucey has brought to his diocese courageous, sophisticated young priests; he integrated his schools before the Supreme Court decision in '54; he has insisted that local churches pay union wages on construction contracts; he has opposed anti-labor legislation.)

Through the hot and dusty towns of South Texas the marchers made their way. At night, buses would take them to shelter, usually a Catholic school dormitory. The Texas AFL-CIO began to show more interest. Hank Brown, its president, a two-fisted plumber who has clawed his way to the top in Texas labor circles, began to raise money. National AFL-CIO hesitated at first, but it too made significant financial contributions as the marchers got closer to Austin.

In San Antonio, Archbishop Lucey honored the Rio Grande pickets with a solemn pontifical mass at San Fernando Cathedral. Denouncing even a $1.25 per hour wage, Lucey said, ". . . It is a ghastly recompense for exhausting labor under the burning sun of Texas. This explanation and this apology to the nation are necessary because I have approved this brutal wage scale."

"Lady of Guadalupe, help us," cried out an old woman in the silence of the cathedral when the archbishop paused in his sermon.

By now the marchers were 75 miles from Austin and on the front page of every newspaper in Texas. In the German-American community of New Braunfels, Governor Connally suddenly made an appearance in the company of Waggoner Carr, Democratic nominee for the US Senate, and Texas House Speaker, Ben Barnes. "I did not want our absence to be an indication of a lack of interest in the problems of Texas," Connally began, "but in all candor I do not think I would have met with you [in Austin] anyway. You are not unaware of the difficulty of marches [which] have resulted in loss of life and property damages. My door has been open since before the march started. I do not feel as governor that I should lend the dignity and prestige of my office to dramatize any march. . . ."

"We are not in a ghetto of Chicago," interrupted Father Sherrill Smith, "we had no violence. Your remarks are not in context, governor."

On Labor Day the marchers were on the outskirts of Austin at St. Edward's University. By the time they reached the state house thousands more had joined them, including Senator Ralph Yarborough. By inference, Yarborough accused Connally of "attempting to bluff you out," and then added, "You were told that there would be no elected officials to greet you. I want to remind you that under protocol, I am your senior senator and the highest official in the state, and I welcome you to my home town with open arms and open heart." "Viva Yarborough! Viva! Viva!"

Then a telegram from Senator Robert Kennedy: "I regret that I am unable to accept your invitation to address the labor rally, but you can be sure I share your aspirations and will continue to try to obtain for all farm workers a decent minimum wage and protection under the law."

"Viva Kennedy! Viva! Bobby will get us $1.25!"

Father Gonzales announced that two Americans of Mexican descent would be at the front steps of the capitol to pray and say the rosary eight hours a day, every day in the week until Governor Connally and the legislature pass the $1.25 minimum wage. Then a final prayer from a Houston rabbi, flanked by the Baptist holding the flag of the Southern Baptist Church, and a Catholic priest, crucifix held high, still wearing the Star of David.

Maury Maverick, Jr.

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THEY CAN'T LET THEIR PARTY DOWN, BUT THEY'RE UNHAPPY

Wilson and the Unions

London

This year's get-together of the Trades Union Congress was a hesitant affair, but in the end it reluctantly gave Britain's embattled Labour government what it wanted. By small margins it approved its General Council's already "reluctant acquiescence" in the economic freeze, backed the incomes policy that freeze has temporarily replaced, and voted out a motion against legislation to make the policy compulsory. These decisions were something of a triumph for the trade union trusties, the faithful old guard who decided that Harold Wilson must be got off the hook, and who used every trick they knew to marshal enough votes to save a policy which six weeks ago looked as if it would be shot down.

They were not particularly helped by Wilson, who descended on the TUC on its opening day to unburden himself of the by now familiar economic homily. This ran the whole gamut of indictment and abuse, with attacks on the gamblers, the work-shy and the work-sharing, and dwelt on the burdens Britain was shouldering supposedly for the benefit of the world. "One false, careless, regardless step could push the world into conditions not unlike those of the early thirties." Domestically, the alternative to the freeze was 2 million unemployed. The freeze would provide a pause, a breathing-space for the redeployment that would lead to increased productivity and the promised land.

He was heard with mounting scepticism. The open dissidents, notably Frank Cousins of the Transport and General Workers Union, who had resigned from the government on the issue of a compulsory incomes policy; resented the scare talk of 2 million unemployed, which they simply do not believe. But when it came to the vote, the last dregs of loyalty to "our government" were drained dry; on paper, the TUC fell into line.

Wilson will now activate that part of the prices and incomes policy that makes the freeze compulsory; fines of £100 to £500 for transgression run for the six months of total freeze, and the subsequent six months of "severe restraint." The real worry of the trade unionists is what happens after that. Wilson told the TUC that there was no long-term policy to interfere with free wage bargaining, but almost in the same breath he reminded his audience that "it will still be necessary, if we are to maintain full employment, to ensure that the planned expansion of incomes is related to the increase in national productivity, and does not attempt to go beyond it." If the wraps are taken off completely in mid-1967, the pile-up of wage claims will be so large that the pre-freeze problem of inflationary wages will re-emerge swiftly. The unions know this, and so does the government. The government keeps saying it must govern. The unions rightly suspect that this means some government interference will persist once freeze and severe restraint are over. If they don't watch it, the union leaders will be out of a job.

Public opinion in Britain consistently reflects impatience with the unions, and the government is cashing in on that impatience to get the leverage it needs. A majority of the unions support a prices and incomes policy but still want it to be voluntary. The trouble with that, as was pointed out at the TUC meeting, is that there are not enough volunteers. The movement remains a prisoner of its antiquated structure: too many unions, 170 of them, and too few of that 170 organized on an industry basis. This is the abiding weakness of the trade union movement, a ramshackle rag-bag of vested interests which has so far proved incapable of arriving at any common policy and common tactic. In the present adverse circumstances, the unions' true interests might be served better by working together towards general social and socialist ends than by pursuing laissez-faire bargaining. Even Frank Cousins admitted that if it came to a choice between government interference and union self-discipline, he would prefer the union self-discipline.

At the TUC meeting, Wilson so baffled the unions and many of the public with the problems of illiquidity and the Euro-dollar that Cousins' criticisms of government policy on other grounds made little headway. These are chiefly complaints about an extended east-of-Suez role, and Wilson's determination to maintain a close Anglo-American partnership, even the critics say to the extent of pawning the pound to protect the dollar. On these central charges, the TUC let Wilson off lightly. No one even bothered to cite Johnson's exaggerated praise against him. This attack will be mounted at Labour's conference at the beginning of October, when the politicians on Labour's left will add their voices to the trade union minority. It is the outcome of these debates which will probably decide whether the union militants will fight Wilson's income freeze on the shop floor.

BRIAN WENHAM

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The Nagging Sobell Case

Among his unhappy distinctions, Morton Sobell has become the last remaining *cause célèbre* of the fifties. Ethel and Julius Rosenberg are dead; Colonel Abel is in Russia; Alger Hiss, Harry Gold, and David Greenglass are out of jail; Owen Lattimore, J. Robert Oppenheimer, and the Hollywood Ten are, for the most part, back at the old stands. Sobell has begun the seventeenth year of his 30-year espionage sentence in the federal prison at Lewisburg, Pa. For what seems like the hundredth time (but is only the sixth), his attorneys have filed petitions for a new hearing. There is only an outside chance of success.

That there is any chance at all is remarkable, and it is due largely to the work of two journalists, Walter and Miriam Schneir, whose recent book on the Rosenberg-Sobell case is a better defense brief than Sobell ever had before. At the trial in 1951, it was difficult to tell whether the three defendants (they were charged as co-conspirators) suffered more at the hands of the government or their own lawyer. Emanuel Bloch, from all accounts, was an attorney of rare compassion. But from either fear or naïveté, he failed to make the right moves; much later, shortly before he died, he told a friend of his loneliness in those haunted days, when "fear prevented anyone from helping." Now things have changed, if only a little, and there is help.

It was never clear just what Sobell was doing in the Rosenberg case. He was not charged with stealing or transmitting "atomic secrets," or giving Russia the Bomb years ahead of the time such an obviously incompetent nation could be expected to develop it. An old friend and colleague, Max Elitcher, testified at the trial that Sobell had tried to recruit him for the Communist Party, and had from time to time suggested certain espionage missions. Elitcher refused them all. The links to the Rosenbergs were tenuous: Julius Rosenberg had also talked of espionage with Elitcher, and had once remarked that Sobell was "helping in this matter." On another occasion, Elitcher said, he had driven with Sobell to a street in New York near where the Rosenbergs lived. Sobell carried with him something that looked to Elitcher like a 35-millimeter film can; Sobell left the car, and returned without it. Shortly after the Rosenbergs were arrested, Sobell went to Mexico. He installed his wife and children in a Mexico City apartment and traveled around the country for a few weeks under a series of aliases. A few months later, Sobell turned up at a Laredo, Texas, immigration station.

There was never any testimony about the nature of Sobell's espionage work. The case for a conspiracy was based principally on Elitcher's report of the conversation with Julius Rosenberg, and the implications of Sobell's flight to Mexico. The jury could decide for itself what was in the "film can." It may or may not have been significant that Elitcher had falsely filled out a loyalty form, and was anxious to make a good impression on the government.

For some reason, Sobell never took the stand at his own trial. He said later that his conversations with Elitcher had nothing to do with espionage, and that the story of the night ride to Rosenberg's neighborhood was fantasy. The trip to Mexico, he said, was planned for a long time, but took on new meaning for him after the Rosenberg arrests; Sobell had a record of leftist activities (his wife said he was in the Young Communist League), the Korean War had just begun, and McCarthyism was spreading across the country. Sobell said he was terrified; the "repression" all radicals believed was coming had started; he panicked.

In spite of it all, Sobell said, he decided at last to return to the US, but before he could move, certain "agents" kidnapped him and dumped him at the border station, where he was arrested. No one, including the prosecution, suggested any other scenario for his arrival at Laredo.

It seems like a flimsy case, but there are flimsier cases heard in courtrooms every day, and defendants are convicted on less evidence. In 1951, the mention of the "secret of the atom bomb" had a chilling effect. Sobell himself was never charged with atomic espionage; it was his association with the Rosenbergs that got him 30 years in prison.

To get a new hearing, Sobell's team of six lawyers has charged the government with fraud in two major areas: the case for the theft of "the very bomb itself," and the linkage of the Rosenberg couple with the spy courier, Harry Gold.

At the trial, the government introduced a replica "sketch" and an accompanying description of the atomic bomb which David Greenglass (Ethel Rosenberg's brother) said he drew from memory of his work at the Los Alamos nuclear plant and gave to the Rosenbergs – and on to Russia. In the middle of the proceedings, defense lawyer Bloch asked that the exhibit be "impounded" by the court and shut from public view. The move was as inexplicable as it was damaging. The sketch must have been so accurate that to make its contents known would be to endanger the national security. The government called one "expert" witness, an electrical engineer named John A. Derry, to testify that Greenglass had indeed given the Rosenbergs a working description of the bomb. At the same time, the US At-

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torney circulated a list of "prospective" witnesses that included such impressive names as Oppenheimer, Nobel laureate Harold Urey, and George Kistiakowsky. They never appeared (Urey said later that he was never even asked to testify). Sobell's lawyers now say that the list was designed to intimidate the jury. The defense called no one to rebut Derry.

At last, Sobell has a rebuttal. The lawyers succeeded in prying the exhibit loose from the court, and they now have affidavits from three famous scientists: Urey, MIT's Philip Morrison (who is reported to hold a still-secret patent on the Nagasaki-type bomb), and Brandeis' Henry Linschitz (Greenglass' boss at Los Alamos). Morrison noted that, among other faults, the Greenglass sketch omits two principal components of the bomb; it is a "caricature." Linschitz said the material was "too incomplete, ambiguous, and even incorrect to be of any service or value to the Russians in shortening the lead time required to develop their nuclear bombs." The charge made by trial Judge Irving Kaufman at the time of sentencing – that the Rosenbergs gave away the secret of the bomb – "expresses a misunderstanding of the nature of modern technology . . . which has had tragic consequences," Linschitz concluded.

According to Sobell's lawyers, the government did not merely reflect current beliefs in exaggerating the importance of the sketch and description: "the government knowingly created, contrived and used false, perjurious testimony and evidence and intentionally allowed government witnesses to give false, misleading and deceptive testimony in order to obtain conviction."

The problem of proving the case against the Rosenbergs a "fraud" is infinitely more complicated. But the Schneirs provided Sobell's lawyers with a bit of startling new "evidence." They argued that an Albuquerque hotel card "proving" Harry Gold's presence in that city on the day he was supposed to have received other documents from Greenglass is quite possibly a forgery. It is a tricky business. There is circumstantial evidence both ways, but the Schneirs discovered that the written date on one side of the card differs from the stamped date on the other. Gold could only have been in Albuquerque on the earlier, written date (all agree he was elsewhere on the later date). The Schneirs gave the hotel card and one from a later (and unquestioned) Gold visit to the famous handwriting expert, Elizabeth McCarthy. They gave her no clue as to which they suspected to be a forgery. She examined photostats (the FBI now says the original card was "destroyed") and finally concluded that the questioned card was forged. The lawyers said the government knowingly introduced the forgery in the trial. For that was, they claimed, the "linchpin" of the conspiracy case. Gold said he presented a half of a Jello box-top to David Greenglass and said, "I come from Julius." Greenglass testified that the Rosenbergs had previously given him the matching half of the box-top. Because of that sign, he gave Gold a drawing of a lens mold design for the bomb. At no other time did all the elements come together: Gold, the Greenglasses, the Rosenbergs, and the material of the crime.

The prosecution chose to implicate Sobell in that conspiracy. Sobell's own activities cannot be extracted from the case against the Rosenbergs. To get him out of jail, the defense must now prove that the whole government case was tainted. His lawyers argue many points of evidence besides the sketch and the registration card in their long brief, and the government may be expected to try to counter them. But first Sobell must overcome imposing procedural roadblocks on the way to a reconsideration of matters of evidence.

Last week, his lawyers argued for a hearing on the new evidence before District Court Judge Edward Weinfeld in New York City. He took the case under advisement, after an afternoon's pleadings. If he grants the hearing, the government will presumably weigh in with arguments to contradict the defense's contentions about the "fraud." For the moment, the US Attorney has concentrated on arguing the procedural point that Sobell is not entitled to a hearing on the new evidence. If Judge Weinfeld does grant the hearing, he must weigh the evidence of fraud and decide whether to throw out Sobell's conviction or uphold it. And if it is overturned, the government could move for a new trial. There are appeals possible at every level from here on in, and the defense promised to exhaust them all. "If the government were smart," one of the observers at last week's hearing said, "they'd recommend an immediate parole for Sobell and be done with the whole mess."

In many ways – despite the long years Sobell must spend in prison – the government has the most to lose in the case. The Rosenberg-Sobell case was more than an isolated case of espionage. It helped shape the attitudes of a generation. At the onset of the Cold War, it was necessary to establish two things: that the US government harbored communists in its employ who were loyal to the Russians; and that home-grown US Reds were in fact "conscious agents" of the enemy. Communists were not only objectionable and potentially revolutionary, they were working for America's arch-antagonist, the Soviet Union. The Hiss trial made the point about communists in government; the Rosenberg-Sobell trial showed that the enemy was within.

To demolish the case against the Rosenbergs – by proving official fraud – would throw much of the history of the last 20 years open to question. At this point, Sobell's lawyers are nowhere near doing that, but if they ever win their case, they will have done more than free their client.

ANDREW KOPKIND

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Onward With Updike

by Stanley Kauffmann

Faced with a writer of demonstrated talent and flowing productivity, one of the things that criticism can do is to shut up. The prolific author creates a different critical ambience from the one who produces a book every four or six or ten years. Since 1958 John Updike has published two books of poetry, four novels, three books of stories (including this new volume), a collection

The Music School
by John Updike
(Knopf; $4.95)

called *Assorted Prose*, and two children's books. Criticizing him is almost like reading over his shoulder as he writes; it seems vaguely unfair, as if what is really up for review in his case is his career, not the individual segments of it, as if one ought to wait until the body of work is finished. But for one thing, most of his present readers are going to die before he does (he is 34), and the more they like or dislike his work, the more relevant become the immediate estimates of the installments – even at the risk that the next mail may bring a new Updike novel or that the sound of the critical typewriter may almost literally distract him at his desk. He is a phenomenon in more than output. American writers of fiction often give us the feeling that they have only a small bankroll of early autobiographical experience, that they splurge it all on the first novel or two, that they thus commit themselves to the writing life and then agonize along scraping up occasional books to help them live in a manner that is really beyond their means. Not so Updike. He wrote his first novel, at 27, about old people. In the context of American letters, this was, among other matters, a witty act. *The Poorhouse Fair* is, for me, distanced by lapidary sterility, but it is a work of talented artifice, and it was a refreshing debut amid all the bouncing-balled and tomboy-titted first novels of "personal" Truth.

His succeeding fiction has taken him closer to the materials of his own life. Sometimes, as in *The Centaur*, a somewhat precious scheme obtrudes; sometimes, as in *Rabbit, Run*, he goes figuratively slumming with a protagonist on whom he can lavish pathos; but in several happy senses he has dedicated his life to his work. One does not praise him for getting closer to the writing-class dictum: Write About What You Know. Quite the reverse. In contrast to most younger American writers, he has shown from the start some awareness of synthesis as a component of art.

One may legitimately ask, then, why he is not a better writer than he is and why, among serious critics, he is not always taken seriously. This new volume suggests some answers.

There are 20 stories in this collection, but they are not all stories. Some of them are sketches, like "The Indian," a failed spooky chiller, and "A Madman," which would have been a prizewinner in *The Reader's Digest* Most Unforgettable Character series.

But almost all of them are technically scintillating. No, *not* the much-praised prose. Fine as it often is, the prose is sometimes affected, as in a "view of Fort Carré and the (on fair days) turquoise harbor." Sometimes it is swollen by overpolishing, as in the "sunshine that merely underlined the actual chill in the air." (Why "actual"?) Sometimes it seems simply to run away from him; in the first paragraph of the book there is a ten-line sentence about the fragrance of girls in autumn, ending "when the cloudless fall sky like the blue bell of a vacuum lifts toward itself the glad exhalations of all things." Max Beerbohm, whom Updike admires, might have winced; then parodied.

No, it is Updike's sense of structure that has been astonishing from the beginning. His recent short novel, *Of the Farm*, despite a maiming defect (a lack of vitality, a feeling that its characters were consciously acting out a charade), was a beautiful concept, beautifully articulated. Most of his stories have easy control of the two essentials in short-story technique: where to begin and what to leave out.

In many of these new stories, certain familiar Updike affinities are again apparent. He likes the story of humdrum lives suddenly galvanized by a commonplace event that is nevertheless outside the humdrum and therefore "real." In "Giving Blood," a squabbling couple are at least temporarily reunited by the experience of going to a hospital as blood donors. In "Twin Beds in Rome," the same couple, still squabbling, are again reunited by some unexceptional tourist experiences. In "The Rescue," a woman wins a small victory over her husband's mistress through a skiing accident to a third woman.

In these stories, and elsewhere, Updike strives to show that large meanings are not reserved to large events. This might be called one of the definitions of modernism in literature. In the short story it runs from De Maupassant through Chekhov and Joyce (another special Updike admiration) to the present day. It is not facile slapdown with great names to compare Updike with those masters. Their stories are small fissures through which we glimpse immense chaos; his stories are well-turned miniatures in which we see ordered miniature universes, with nicely balanced equations of pang and pleasure.

This is not to repeat the familiar charge against Updike that his technique is better than his content. That charge involves the fallacious assumption that techniques are abstract tools with which a small-scale writer could handle large-scale subjects, if only he had the gumption. Nor does it mean the reverse, that great writers must be imperfect technicians (though some have been). But there is the risk that a writer who takes special pride in technique (as

COMING
Thoughts on Mailer
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THE ATOMIC BOMB AND THE END OF WORLD WAR II

By Herbert Feis

Important new material has come to light since Herbert Feis wrote *Japan Subdued*, the concluding volume in what *The New York Times Book Review* described as a "superb five-volume account of the policy and diplomacy in World War II." This book is a revised version of that volume, with two additional chapters. In his discussion of the circumstances surrounding the decision to drop the atom bomb on Japan, the author "places before the reader in a manner beyond all praise the perplexity with which a variety of deeply conflicting considerations confronted President Truman and his closest advisors."—*Saturday Review*. $5.00

Princeton University Press

PRINCETON, N. J.

Updike seems to) will select material that does not stretch that technique out of perfect shape. *All* the elements in a man's writing derive from the same psyche and spirit; the neat eye tends to see everything neatly.

There is the core of the trouble: Updike seems to have a limited will in his writing. He wants to understand, but we are rarely convinced that he wants to understand *everything*. We sense the author's delimitations, that he has snipped off areas as emotional parks rather than for biopsy of greater matters; and so the story of the small crisis remains a small story. He seems content to paint his pictures in two dimensions. He does it skillfully, sometimes poignantly; but the impossible third dimension, which cannot be painted but which must be in the artist's intent as he paints, is often missing. Even in the poignant stories, there is a sense of author's satisfaction, of pride in the way a nerve has been exposed or a heart bared. Despite the expeditions to Britain, Italy, France, the Virgin Islands, he is like a lesser, latter-day Emily Dickinson in prose, who never ventures forth; who reaches out the front door and grabs a couple of people and pulls them inside for inspection.

The exceptions in this book only prove the apparent rule. These exceptions are all on the same theme, one which he discussed in his review of Denis de Rougemont's *Love Declared*, included in *Assorted Prose*, and to which Updike drew special attention in the Foreword to that collection. In brief, it is a belief in "possession by loss": that the purest and highest love is that which is not realized and which is therefore not soiled by the thumbprints of daily life and the deterioration of time. Kierkegaard's rejection of Regine Olsen is given as a prime example. Since I have already mentioned Emily Dickinson for comparison, I note that this is also a theme in her work. For example, "I Cannot Live With You":

"So we must keep apart,
You there, I here,
With just the door ajar
That oceans are,
And prayer,
And that pale sustenance,
Despair!"

Several of Updike's stories imply the

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"de Rougemont" theme, like the two about the squabbling couple cited above. The nigglings and naggings of daily existence are the inevitabilities of marriage. Neither party is righter or wronger than the other; life – the living of day to day – was not made for love.

But there are three stories, good ones, that deal explicitly with this theme. "The Star," is about a married man in New York who realizes only after separation from his mistress how much he loves her. "Avec La Bébé-Sitter" is about an American family in France; the husband reveals – almost casually – to the children's French nurse that his marriage is unhappy, that he loves another woman. (Updike has used this device – the ease of revelation to an utter stranger – in an earlier story called "Dear Alexandros.") "The Bulgarian Poetess" is about an American writer sent by the State Department on a cultural tour to Bulgaria. There he meets a poetess, and in their few conversations – which is all that occurs between them – they realize, without saying so, that they love each other. They part. (There is also a fourth story on this theme, "Four Sides of One Story," a semi-comic version of the Tristan-Iseult legend, that is Updike at his clever-clever worst.)

This theme – of consummation as spoilage, of parting as preservation – seems at first a high-flown species of puritanism in the worst sense: sex as debasement. But fundamentally it is a theme rooted in genuine religious belief. It postulates a Perfect Love, and that this love is the very one that is unrealizable. The belief in that love depends on belief in its reality after separation and in the end of separation after death – or at least its continuance after death in the consciousness of both. And, following from this, this belief predicates a Judge who sees what the world does not see, who understands and assures, who underwrites the secret unfulfilled contract. As Updike wrote in the de Rougemont review, "Love becomes not a way of accepting and entering the world but a way of defying and escaping it."

Uncongenial though this theme may be to some, still, because it moves Updike most, it is what moves us most in his work. This is Updike at his best; but just because it is his best, we can see that even if all his work were at this level, we would still be left with the impression of the miniaturist, the performer, usually committed but still a professional performer. It is this aura, perhaps, indefinable but inescapable, that stands between him and serious stature. It would be vastly premature and quite silly to "rank" him now, as the sixth or thirty-sixth best living American writer. But we can be glad that he is prolific because it seems now that the impress of his work is not going to come from any individual book but from the extent and the sustained quality of his career.

Southern Children

by Robert Coles

The time is now, this year, last week, September 12, 1966. The place is Grenada, not the Caribbean island Columbus discovered and Cole Porter put to song, but an American town in one of the 50 American states, Mississippi. The audience is a large one, a world-wide one, reached by newspapers, radio and television. What they are told is both horrible and curiously familiar, while the play's scenario is all too lifelike: a mob of white citizens armed with ax handles, pipes and chains surround two newly integrated schools and attack the Negro children who want to attend them. A 12-year-old boy is described running a gauntlet of cursing men and women, his face cut and bleeding, his clothes torn from his body. Another child is thrown to the ground and brutally beaten. A policeman watches the violence and makes no attempt to help the boy. Newsmen and photographers are set upon by men who are reported doing "all the beating," though "many women were present, cursing and yelling." It is a long-standing tradition, gallant men going off to war, while their lady-folk urge them on with fervent prayer.

Children of the South
by Margaret Anderson
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $4.95)

Rarely in any nation's history have school children been asked to initiate social and political change, with street mobs and violence the likely reward. Yet, since 1954 that is what this country has felt able to require of a few Negro children; nor have we apparently considered the noisy spectacle of their experience particularly inappropriate for the eyes and ears of white children. Now, twelve years later, it is a fact of American politics that another generation of children will have to continue the leadership this generation furnished in Little Rock, in New Orleans – and among many other cities and towns, in Clinton, Tennessee, where Margaret Anderson has lived and taught school for many years.

Clinton is a mill town of about five thousand in the TVA territory of east Tennessee. It is seven miles from the Norris Dam and seven miles from the atomic research center of Oak Ridge. Although in the South it is not possible to get any closer to federal power than that, the town's school board started fighting school desegregation in 1950; and the Supreme Court's 1954 decision caused no interruption in the effort. In 1956 the federal courts finally put an end to the litigation and ordered Clinton High School to admit Negro students. It should be noted for the record that until then any Negro youth who wanted a high school education had to travel 25 miles away to a Negro high school in Knoxville – and pay for some of the travel, too. (When I started studying the psychological effects of busing upon Negro children in Boston one mother had this to say to me: "Suddenly they're all worried about our children being hurt because of the ride to school. They carried us half way across the state of Georgia when I was

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a girl just to keep us far away from the whites and no one said a word; but I guess today people *care*, bless them.")

In August of 1956 Clinton also started to care, and for a few days it seemed to do so successfully. White school children accepted Negro children they had anyway known for years. One Negro girl was even made a class officer, and a boy spoke of his desire to play basketball without arousing the slightest stir. As C. Vann Woodward has pointed out, the fixed habit or custom of segregation came well after the Civil War, and has its own shaky, tortuous history. While racism is a firm part of the South's past, so is a thwarted but real populism; and so is the obviously close if caste-ridden association between black and white that contrasts with what holds in Northern cities.

Just as Clinton's better traditions and influences appeared able to spare the town racial unrest, the itinerant segregationist John Kasper – do you even remember the name? – arrived and started doing his rather effective work. He had become something of an expert in exciting the South's dormant fears until finally they found expression in panicky street demonstrations. He had his connections. From all over the South its white-skinned defenders assembled in the town a nondescript, pitiable, desperate army of sufferers in search of an enemy, any enemy to blame for the unquestionable injustice they saw about and every day themselves experienced. In a matter of days, roaming bands of fanatics consolidated themselves – and eventually the town's onlookers – into mobs; Clinton's six policemen were overwhelmed; twelve Negro children whose presence in the high school set the whole affair in motion were soon facing the insults and dangers that other Negro children would face the following years. It took time, precious time, for a timid governor to act. The townspeople themselves – while pleading for state intervention – had to protect themselves against a degree of mob rule that evenually endangered the lives of newsmen and commanded national publicity. Tanks and armored cars entered Clinton. It was a sordid story and utterly unnecessary. A vacillating, uncertain climate of opinion stretching from Washington to Nashville and points South made victims not only of Clinton's Negroes but – as Mrs. Anderson emphasizes – the majority of the town's white people.

An armed peace was obtained, but once the Klan and others like them are ever allowed a bit of freedom and power they withdraw reluctantly. In the fall of 1958 the high school was completely destroyed by dynamite. A new and better school was built; but the goodwill that had been thoroughly smashed in 1956 was less easily replaced.

Through it all, the threats and terror, Clinton's high school somehow kept in session, and a handful of Negro children kept coming back for more, by the day and the year, until they graduated and thus set the stage for others to do likewise. Teaching them and their white classmates, helping them go on to college – and as this book proves, always watching them – was Margaret Anderson, who now has taken on the difficult task of sorting out her past experiences and fashioning from them whatever "advice" a shrewd mind and large heart

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(both of which have gone through a kind of hell) can offer.

The book may be approached in several ways. It is the testimony of an unusually sensitive and courageous teacher, another Southern lady in a long tradition that has produced diaries, short stories, poems, novels and perhaps the most vigorous kind of social concern the region has been able to take. Segregationist talk about the "sanctity" of white womanhood has come in large measure from nervous, worried men; and they are men rather familiar to many Southern women, who have all along sensed that the Negro's confinement is to some extent theirs, too. For decades both Negroes and women were voteless; they both were kept from juries and denied education. (In parts of the South today women are as systematically excluded from juries as Negroes – and there is right now an appeal in the federal courts demanding the admission of both of them on Alabama juries.) It is thus no accident that Mrs. Anderson ends her book by quoting Lillian Smith. The two of them are both emotional and moral in a proud, unjaded, old-fashioned way; they are also passionate and – because there is so much cause for fear – almost fiercely unafraid.

The lessons of Mrs. Anderson's own life come across in her style unashamedly personal, almost confessional. She saw Negro children fighting hard for the good education that was finally permitted them. She saw white children torn with resentment, guilt and forbidden kindness. She saw silent, fearful people – Negro parents, white townsfolk, her own colleagues. She did more than teach. She went to the homes of the Negro children, and learned of the hard luck they left for whatever good fortune might be in a first-rate school (with a sprinkling of some second-rate, bad mannered white children in it). She kept the children's behavior in sight. She followed their educational and emotional troubles. She helped them with their college applications. (There are devastating comments on the snobbish, "aristocratic" private Southern colleges that never had to comply with a Supreme Court law, and never *did* comply with the law of any conscience they may have had – only with what Mrs. Anderson calls the law of "the almighty dollar.") Finally, she sat down to describe what she experienced – year by year, child by child.

There is another way of looking at this book: it reveals an earnest observer in an unavoidable dilemma; and to her credit there is no effort to conceal it, or avoid coming to terms with it by resorting to one or another ideological posture. Again and again Mrs. Anderson found the Negro children poorly prepared for her classes and in need of substantial support to sustain their morale and their will to learn. Their sights are set low, their expectations are modest, their "background" not up to those of white children. They had a hard time of it, even with the kindest and most hardworking of teachers. Yet, she remarks that "every day we are finding in these children talents and abilities neither we nor they dreamed were there. Sometimes I am absolutely amazed when I think what I have seen in Negro students the last year in high school that I could not see when they entered." She goes on to call them wryly "latent talents." (The quotation marks are hers; she is much too sensible a woman and a writer to use the jargon of educational psychology.)

How is she or anyone else going to reconcile the stresses faced by these children, the poor preparation they carry with them, the hesitant and sometimes seriously flawed performance they make, with the surprising survival – and eventual success – so many of them have also managed? Even to discuss the problem arouses the polemicists, for whom these children are but pawns in a larger game. As a result we find ordinary boys and girls not only turned into heroes, but denied the right to have erred or failed in any way. We also find from another direction a curious insistence that their every false step, their every mishap be proclaimed as if anyone who fails to do so is "sentimental" at best, or in danger of losing his credentials as one of the Negro's sympathizers. There comes a time when uncritical applause joins company with compulsive pity to reveal themselves as the gratuitous if concealed insults they both are.

In point of fact we will have to live with the ambiguity Mrs. Anderson unflinchingly documents. Negro children of the South against great odds have had a rough and dismal time in white schools, yet often enough made good, to everyone's surprise including their own. Moreover, the white South has fought to keep those children out of its schools, yet produced teachers like Mrs. Anderson – I can vouch for the fact that she is not alone – and a good number of children who have been kind and decent rather than nasty and hurtful. It may be easier to forget all that and go whatever single-minded way one wishes, but at least the facts as seen for years by a teacher have been put on record.

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Portrait of a Fiend

by Honor Tracy

To describe an ambitious book as "immensely readable" may appear to make light of it, even to damn with faint praise: here, however, it is to crown it with laurel. Miss Stead has handicapped herself in every way conceivable. She has written a long novel about a woman dreadful in herself and from an unattractive social group, has placed her in a dreary environment, surrounded her with figures mainly dim, dull or disagreeable and, reducing narrative to the minimum, has told her story in torrents of speech as tediously repetitive as life.

Dark Places of the Heart
by Christina Stead
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $7.95)

For readers at all familiar with England there is the special drawback that most of this speech and part of the background is, quite simply, wrong. The protagonist Nellie is, we are told, half Scottish. As her father, Thomas Cotter, is from Wales the Scots element must be her mother, but nothing in their talk or behavior connects with either region. They live somewhere "in the north," near a moor, so presumably Yorkshire, but here again, despite a shower of "ayes" and "laads," there is no authentic local touch: their eating habits alone would make a Yorkshire housewife recoil in dread. Nellie's rant and rodomontade indeed suggest the Celtic strain but are an astonishing verbal potpourri, with Irishisms, journalese, scraps of dialect from here, there, and everywhere cheek by jowl with the bombastic flights of an insanely conceited autodidact. Moreover, while the novel is set in the present day, in spirit it is far closer to the early thirties, with its harping on the class struggle, unemployment, militant socialism and prostitution: welfare state and telly culture might never have come into being.

The remarkable thing, however, is the extent to which the author brings her unpromising novel off. Nellie, "her shabby black hair gathered into a sprout on the top her small head, her beak and backbone bent forward, her thin long legs stepping prudently, gingerly, like a marsh bird's," with her endless smoking, drinking, talking, is a universal demon. We know her well, the destroyer and tormentor filled with a burning love of abstract humanity, who wrecks people's lives from the loftiest of motives, the self-recognized genius, the center of the world, with other people existing only in relation to her.

Externals impinge on her hardly at all. She rhapsodizes about her marriage, the perfect consummation and ecstasy, although her husband before making love prosaically puts his trousers under the mattress to press them and, assured that she will never leave England, spares no effort to find a job abroad. Her journalism is vital and brilliant, even though her editor blue-pencils half her copy when he uses it at all, and urges her, not altogether disinterestedly, to take her doctor's advice and give up Fleet Street for good. Any who criticize or oppose are either wicked or mad. When her husband sends for her, the post he has found in Geneva requiring a married man, everyone collaborates frenziedly to expedite her departure; and this she sees as a tribute, proof of their love and admiration.

Her brother Tom, a curious wraith of a man, both clings to her and entirely sees through her: "she was always talking about introspection, by which she meant drool; and confession, by which she meant spinning interesting lies or sifting out people's secrets." Divorced from his wife, whom Nellie drives all but mad by attributing to him an imaginary syphilis, Tom longs for a settled existence and, after drifting from woman to woman, at last finds Caroline, an affectionate innocent weakling who has somehow been sucked into Nellie's orbit. Nellie promptly takes the matter in hand. Breathing smoke and scattering ash over the girl as she lies ill in bed, she browbeats her by the hour, slandering Tom and attacking her until her faith in him, in herself, in the chance of happiness, is gone, and she wearily throws in the towel. Yes, she says, she

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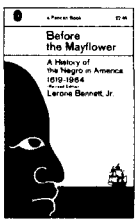

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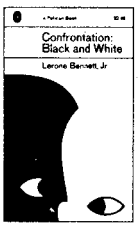

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is weak and wrong, she will die, Nellie has torn the world away from her.

Nellie's face shines "with the light of a planet" and she asks in a low excited voice, "'Will you die for me, Caroline? . . . It would be a great triumph. It would set me on my path. . . . Then I would be the thing I am meant to be, the great leader. . . .'" And so on, at considerable length.

Here Miss Stead might profitably have remembered the advice of Dr. Johnson's tutor, namely, to read over one's compositions and strike out any passage one thinks particularly fine. She clearly intends this scene to come as a shock, a blinding revelation of Nellie's true self and the climax of the book: we are to sit up and whistle. But anyone of normal perception will have sized Nellie up long before this, and while she would certainly try, and probably manage, to separate the lovers, the avowed vampire craving for Caroline's death is sheer melodrama. By it, too, the author kills off Nellie herself: the pot has boiled, no further development is possible and, although the book runs on for another eighty-odd pages, it is no more than a slow tailing off.

Nevertheless, in spite of all, the novel is an impressive achievement. The title implies a greater scope than it has, as if all humanity were arraigned and Nellies found lurking everywhere; but, as a study of one particular fiend and the havoc she creates around her, it is a keenly observed piece of work, with odd flashes of humor, beauty, and tenderness to point the horror up. Miss Stead's writing is so good, especially when descriptive, that one can only wish she had cut Nellie's farrago by half to make room for more of it.

RECORDS

Requiem by Several Hands

There probably will never be any certainty about how much of Mozart's *Requiem* is his own writing and how much is the contribution of his pupil Suessmayr, who completed the unfinished work after Mozart's death. And the annotator of the new performance on London A-4517 and OSA-1157 seems either not to have read, or to disagree with, the essay in *The Musical Quarterly* a few years ago, whose author argued convincingly that whereas the instrumentation was not Mozart's the substance was entirely his – that what he didn't write down himself was written down for him by Suessmayr on the basis of verbal instructions and possibly preliminary sketches that he didn't bother to preserve. And this contention is supported by the music itself, which is not only characteristic but consistent, with nothing that sounds like the intrusion of another mind than Mozart's. Kertesz's pacing and shaping of the music is right and effective; and he obtains superb playing and singing from the Vienna Philharmonic and State Opera Chorus and a solo group comprising Elly Ameling, Marilyn Horne, Ugo Benelli and Tugomir Franc, of whom Benelli has a tenor voice that is clear and agreeable but without the warmth and luster of the other voices. The performance is reproduced beautifully by both records, but with more solidity and clarity of definition down below by the mono.

Musicians who played under Toscanini speak of his attention to the composer's every word: it was not just Allegro or Andante, but Allegro ma non troppo or Andante con moto. And this concern with the words was a concern for the expressive character of the music, which the words were intended to guide the performer in achieving. So one experienced the sustained grandeur of the *Kyrie* of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* as Toscanini conducted it, and only later discovered that he was obeying the directions Assai sostenuto and *Mit Andacht*. This represented, of course, not just the intention but the ability to realize it – to set a tempo that *was* assai sostenuto and did give the music sustained grandeur. And it is for lack not of the intention but of the ability to realize it that Klemperer produces – in the performance of the *Missa Solemnis* on Angel 3679 (mono)

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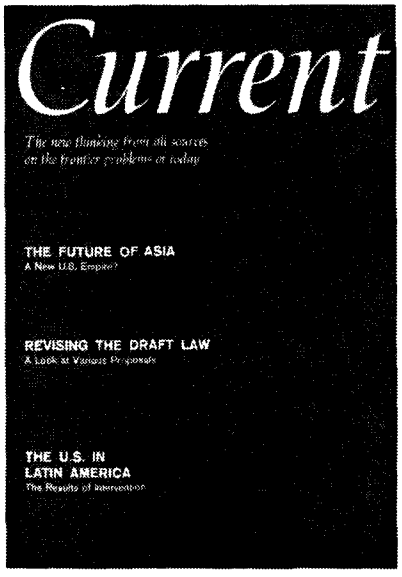

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– a *Kyrie* which is not assai sostenuto and does not have the sustained grandeur; a Prelude to the *Benedictus*, later, which also is not sostenuto and does not convey the mystical, rapt feeling that it does in Toscanini's performance; a *Gloria* in a fast tempo which doesn't have the intensity that Toscanini gives it. There are parts of the work that Klemperer paces effectively; there is beautiful playing and singing by the New Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus; the solo bass, Martii Talvela, is excellent; the solo soprano, Elisabeth Soderstrom, and alto, Marga Hoeffgen, are good; the tenor, Waldemar Kmentt, is acceptable; and the performance is excellently reproduced. But the Toscanini performance – though reproduced with poor balance – is still the one to acquire.

In the performance of Haydn's *The Creation* on bargain-priced Heliodor H-and HS-25028 the Berlin Radio Chorus and Orchestra sing and play well under Helmut Koch's direction, but the solo tenor and bass are no more than acceptable, and the soprano is very poor.

Listening to Wagner's *Lohengrin* after many years, I note with interest how much of the writing is still in the old operatic style Wagner was to leave behind, though there are also beginnings of his later declamatory style. But as music I find most of it boring. Leinsdorf conducts it effectively on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-6710; and in a context of superb playing by the Boston Symphony one hears excellent singing by Sandor Konya in the title role, moderately good singing by William Dooley as Telramund and Jerome Hines as King Henry, but almost laughably inadequate singing by Lucine Amara as Elsa, and mostly bad singing by Rita Gorr that includes some downright screaming.

Donizetti's unfamiliar one-act *melodramma giocoso, Il Campanello*, on Deutsche Grammophon 39-123 (mono), offers – in addition to a large amount of uninteresting recitative – several vocal pieces in serious, mock-serious and comic styles that are quite good – the beginning of the final trio being especially impressive. The soprano voice of Emma Bruno De Sanctis is less attractive than the tenor of Alberto Rinaldi and the bass of Alfredo Mariotti; but all sing well with the orchestra and chorus of the Teatro La Fenice, Venice, under the efficient direction of Ettore Gracis.

Though its freshness is gone, Fritz Wunderlich's tenor voice is still an agreeable one, which he uses with musical taste; but more than his expressive power is called for by Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, which he sings with Hubert Giesen on Deutsche Grammophon 39-125 (mono); and *Ich grolle nicht* is sung too fast for its right expressive effect. (The superb performance of Fischer-Dieskau and Demus is still the one to acquire.) And similar insufficient expressive power is heard in the songs of Beethoven and Schubert.

Artur Rubinstein, who has been recording coherently shaped performances of Chopin's large works, produces – on Victor LM- and LSC-2889 – slack performances of the Fantaisie and Barcarolle that lose themselves in excessive rubato and mannered inflection of phrase – as against Cliburn's marvelously coherent performance of the Fantaisie and Lipatti's of the Barcarolle. But I can cite no performance of the Berceuse that is right where Rubinstein's seems to me wrong – none that has the steady, unchanging tempo that seems to me to be required by a lullaby and to be further indicated by the unchanging accompaniment figure. The performances of the Trois Nouvelles Etudes and the rarely heard Bolero and Tarantelle are more successful.

The same traditional mannered inflection and exaggerated rubato make Tamàs Vàsàry's performances of Chopin's Nocturnes Nos. 1-10 on Deutsche Grammophon 19-486 (mono) unsatisfying for me; and Op. 27 No. 2 in particular seems to me excessively turbulent for the character of the writing.

Dvorak's engaging and at times lovely Symphony No. 8 (formerly known as No. 4) is given a well-paced and shaped and beautiful-sounding performance by von Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic on London CM-9443 and CS-6443. I prefer the greater solidity of the mono sound.

Each hearing of Handel's *Water Music* astounds one anew with the profusion and variety of its superb invention. The occasion for the latest hearing is the excellent performance, on low-priced Nonesuch H-1127 and 71127, by Boulez with the Hague Philharmonic. Again I prefer the mono version.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Movie Brutalists

The basic ideas among young American film-makers are simple: the big movies we grew up on are either corrupt, obsolete or dead, or are beyond our reach (we can't get a chance to make Hollywood films) – so we'll make films of our own, cheap films that we can make in our own way. For some, this is an attempt to break into the "industry"; for others it is a different approach to movies, a view of movies not as a popular art or a mass medium but as an art form to be explored.

Much of the movie style of young American film-makers may be explained as a reaction against the banality and luxuriant wastefulness which are so often called the superior "craftsmanship" of Hollywood. In reaction, the young become movie brutalists.

They, and many in their audiences, may prefer the rough messiness – the uneven lighting, awkward editing, flat camera work, the undramatic succession of scenes, unexplained actions, and confusion about what, if anything, is going on – because it makes their movies seem so different from Hollywood movies. This inexpensive, inexperienced, untrained look serves as a kind of testimonial to sincerity, poverty, even purity of intentions. It is like the sackcloth of true believers which they wear in moral revulsion against the rich in their fancy garments. The look of poverty is not necessarily a necessity. I once had the experience, as chairman of the jury at an experimental film festival, of getting on the stage in the black silk dress I had carefully mended and ironed for the occasion, to present the check to the prizewinner who came forward in patched, faded dungarees. He got an ovation, of course. I had seen him the night before in a good dark suit, but now he had dressed for his role (deserving artist) as I had dressed for mine (distinguished critic).

Although many of the American experimentalists have developed extraordinary kinds of technique, it is no accident that the virtuoso technicians who can apparently do almost anything with drawing board or camera are not taken up as the heroes of youth in the way that brutalists are. Little is heard about Bruce Baillie or Carroll Ballard whose camera skills expose how inept, inefficient, and unimaginative much of Hollywood's self-praised work is, or about the elegance and grandeur of Jordan Belson's short abstract films, like *Allures*, that demonstrate that one man working in a basement can make Hollywood's vaunted special effects departments look archaic. Craftsmanship and skill don't, in themselves, have much appeal to youth. Rough work looks in rebellion and sometimes it is: there's anger and frustration and passion, too, in those scratches and stains and multiple super-impositions that make our eyes swim. The movie brutalists, it's all too apparent, are hurting our eyes to save our souls.

They are basically right, of course, in what they're *against*. Aesthetically and morally, disgust with Hollywood's fabled craftsmanship is long overdue. I say fabled because the "craft" claims of Hollywood, and the notion that the expensiveness of studio-produced movies is necessary for some sort of technical perfection or "finish," are just hucksterism. The reverse is closer to the truth: it's becoming almost impossible to produce a decent looking movie in a Hollywood studio. In addition to the corpses of old dramatic ideas (touched up here and there to look cute as if they were alive), big movies carry the dead weight of immobile cameras, all-purpose light, whorehouse decor. The production values are often ludicrously inappropriate to the subject matter, but studio executives, who charge off roughly 30 percent of a film's budget to studio overhead, are very keen on these production values which they frequently remind us are the hallmark of American movies.

In many foreign countries, it is this very luxuriousness that is most envied and admired in American movies: the big cars, the fancy food, the opulent bachelor lairs, the gadget-packed family homes, even the loaded freeways and the noisy big cities. What is not so gen-

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erally understood is the studio executives' implicit assumption that this is also what American audiences like. The story may not involve more than a few spies and counterspies, but the wide screen will be filled. The set decorator will pack the sides of the image with fruit and flowers and furniture.

When Hollywood cameramen and editors want to show their expertise they imitate the effects of Japanese or European craftsmen and then the result is pointed to with cries of "See, we can do anything in Hollywood." The principal demonstration of art and ingenuity among these "craftsmen" is likely to be in getting their sons and nephews into the unions and in resisting any attempt to make Hollywood movie-making flexible enough for artists to work there. If there are no cinematographers in modern Hollywood who can be discussed in the same terms as Henri Decae or Raoul Coutard or the late Gianni di Venanzo it's because the studio methods and the union restrictions and regulations don't make it possible for talent to function. The talent is strangled in the business bureaucracy, and the best of our cinematographers perform safe, sane academic exercises. If the most that a gifted colorist like Lucien Ballard can hope for is to beautify a John Michael Hayes screenplay – giving an old tart a fresh complexion—why not scratch up the image?

The younger generation doesn't seem much interested in the obstacles to art in Hollywood, however. They don't much care about why the older directors do what they do or whether some of the most talented young directors in Hollywood like Sam Peckinpah *(Ride the High Country, Major Dundee)* or Irvin Kershner *(The Hoodlum Priest, The Luck of Ginger Coffey, A Fine Madness)* will break through and do the work they should be doing. There is little interest in the work of gifted, intelligent men outside the industry like James Blue *(The Olive Trees of Justice)* or John Korty *(The Crazy Quilt)* who are attempting to make inexpensive feature-films as honestly and independently as they can. These men (and their films) are not flamboyant; they don't issue manifestos, and they don't catch the imagination of youth. Probably, like the students in film courses who often do fresh and lively work, they're not surprising enough, not different enough. The new film enthusiasts are, when it comes down to it, not any more interested in simple, small, inexpensive pictures than Hollywood is. The workmen's clothes and crude movie techniques may cry out, "We're poor and honest. They're rich and rotten." But, of course, you can be poor and not so very honest and, although it's harder to believe, you can even be rich and not so very rotten. What the young seem to be interested in is brutalism. In certain groups, automatic writing with a camera has come to be considered the most creative kind of film-making.

Their hero, Jean-Luc Godard – one of the most original talents ever to work in film and one of the most uneven – is not a brutalist at so simple a level, yet he comprises the attitudes of a new generation. Godard is what is meant by a "film-maker." He works with a small crew and shifts ideas and attitudes

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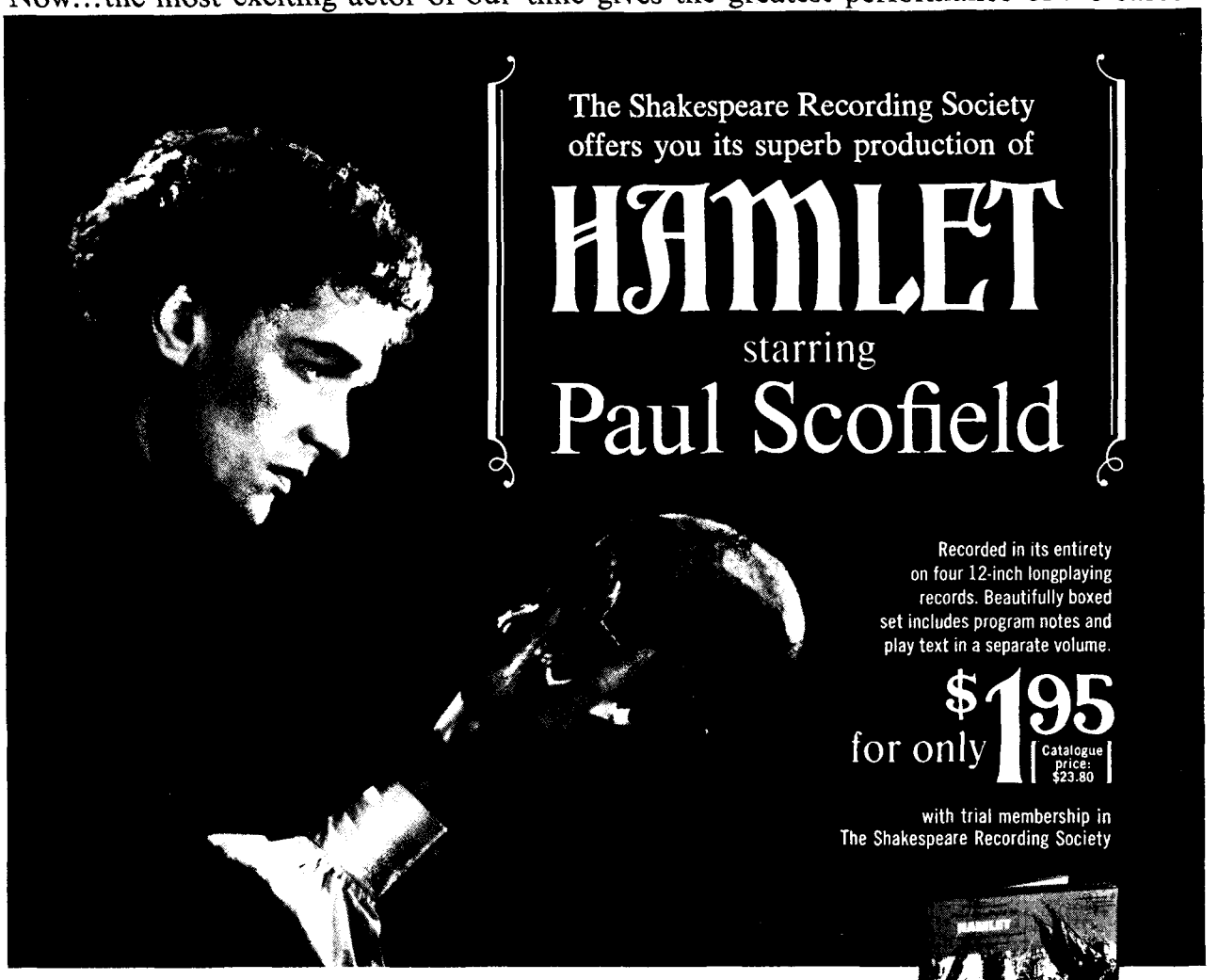
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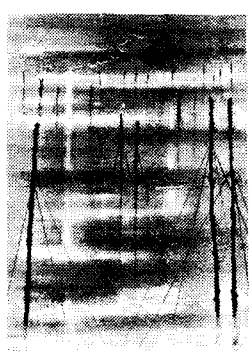

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from movie to movie and even within movies. While Hollywood producers straddle huge fences trying to figure out where the action is supposed to be – and never find out – Godard is in himself where the action is.

There is a disturbing quality in Godard's work that perhaps helps to explain why the young are drawn to his films and identify with them, and why so many older people call him a "coterie" artist and don't think his films are important. *His characters don't seem to have any future.* They are most alive (and most appealing) just because they don't conceive of the day after tomorrow; they have no careers, no plans, only fantasies of roles they could play, of careers, thefts, romance, politics, adventure, pleasure, a life like in the movies. Even his world of the future, *Alphaville,* is, photographically, a documentary of Paris in the present. (All of his films are in that sense documentaries – as were also, and also by necessity, the grade B American gangster films that influenced him.) And even before *Alphaville,* the people in *The Married Woman* were already science fiction – so blank and affectless no mad scientist was required to destroy their souls.

His characters are young; unrelated to families and background. Whether deliberately or unconsciously he makes his characters orphans who, like the students in the theatres, feel only attachments to friends, to lovers – attachments that will end with a chance word or the close of the semester. They're orphans, by extension, in a larger sense, too, unconnected with the world, feeling out of relationship to it. They're a generation of familiar strangers.

An elderly gentleman recently wrote me, "Oh, they're such a bore, bore, bore, modern youth!! All attitudes and nothing behind the attitudes. When I was in my twenties, I didn't just loaf around, being a rebel, I went places and did things. The reason they all hate the squares is because the squares remind them of the one thing they are trying to forget: there *is* a Future and you must build for it."

He's wrong, I think. The young are not "trying to forget": they just don't think in those terms. Godard's power – and possibly his limitation – as an artist is that he so intensely expresses how they do feel and think. His characters

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don't plan or worry about careers or responsibilities; they just live. Youth makes them natural aristocrats in their indifference to sustenance, security, hard work; and prosperity has turned a whole generation – or at least the middle-class part of it – into aristocrats. And it's astonishing how many places they do go to and how many things they can do. The difference is in how easily they do it all. Even their notion of creativity – as what comes naturally – is surprisingly similar to the aristocratic artist's condescension toward those middle-class plodders who have to labor for a living, for an education, for "culture."

Here, too, Godard is the symbol, exemplar, and proof. He makes it all seem so effortless, so personal – just one movie after another. Because he is skillful enough (and so incredibly disciplined) that he can make his pictures for under $100,000, and because there is enough of a youthful audience in France to support these pictures, he can do almost anything he wants within those budgetary limits. In this achievement of independence, he is almost alone among movie directors: it is a truly heroic achievement. For a younger generation he is the proof that it is possible to make and go on making films your own way. And yet they don't seem aware of how rare he is or how hard it is to get in that position. Even if colleges and foundations make it easier than it has ever been, they will need not only talent but toughness to be independent.

As Godard has been able to solve the problems of economic freedom, his work now poses the problems of artistic freedom – problems that few artists in the history of movies have been fortunate enough to face. The history of great film directors is a history of economic and political obstacles – of compromises, defeats, despair, even disgrace. Griffith, Eisenstein, Von Stroheim, Von Sternberg, Cocteau, Renoir, Max Ophuls, Orson Welles – they were defeated because they weren't in a position to do what they wanted to do. If Godard fails, it will be because what he wants to do – which is what he *does* – isn't good enough.

Maybe he is attempting to escape from freedom when he makes a beautiful work and then, to all appearances, just

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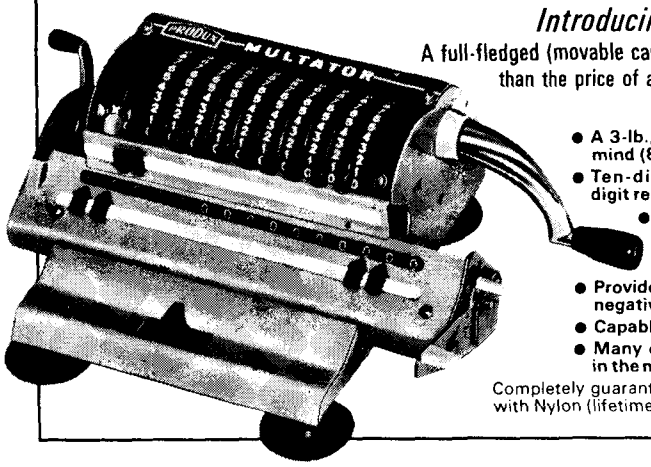

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throws it away. There is a self-destructive urgency in his treatment of themes, a drive toward a quick finish. Even if it's suicidal for the hero or the work, Godard is impatient for the ending: the mood of his films is that there's no way for things to work out anyway, something must be done even if it's disastrous, no action is intolerable.

It seems likely that many of the young who don't wait for others to call them artists but simply announce that they are, don't have the patience to make art. A student's idea of a film-maker isn't someone who has to sit home and study and think and work – as in most of the arts – but go out with friends and shoot. It is a social activity, an extroverted and egotistic image of the genius-creator. It is the Fellini-Guido figure of *8½*, the movie-director as star. Few seem to have noticed that by the time of *Juliet of the Spirits* he had turned into a professional party-giver. Film-making, carried out the way a lot of kids do it, is like having a party. And their movie "ideas" are frequently staging and shooting a wild, weird party.

"Creativity" is a quick route to power and celebrity. The pop singer or composer, the mod designer says of his work, "It's a creative way to make a living" – meaning it didn't take a dull lot of study and planning, that he was able to use his own inventiveness or ingenuity or talent to get to the top without much sweat. I heard a young film-maker put it this way to a teen-age art student: "What do you go to life-class for? Either you can draw or you can't. What you should do is have a show. It's important to get exposure." One can imagine their faces if they had to listen to those teachers who used to tell us that you had to be able to do things the traditional ways before you earned the right to break loose and do it your way. They simply take short cuts into other art forms or into pop arts where they can "express themselves" now. Like cool Peter Pans, they just take off and fly.

Godard's conception of technique can be taken as a highly intellectualized rationale for these attitudes. "The ideal for me," he says, "is to obtain right away what will work – and without retakes. If they are necessary, it falls short of the mark. The immediate is chance. At the same time it is definitive. What I want is the definitive by chance." Sometimes, almost magically, he seems to get it – as in many scenes of *Breathless* and *Band of Outsiders* – but often, as in *The Married Woman*, he seems to settle for arbitrary effects.

And a caricature of this way of talking is common among young American film-makers. Some of them believe that everything they catch on film is definitive, so they do not edit at all. As proof that they do not mar their instinct with pedantry or judgment, they may retain the blank leader to the roll of film. As proof of their creative sincerity they may leave in the blurred shots.

Preposterous as much of this seems, it is theoretically not so far from Godard's way of working. Although his technical control is superb, so complete that one cannot tell improvisation from planning, the ideas and bits of business are often so arbitrary that they appear to be (and probably are) just things that he chanced to think of that day, or that he came across in a book he happened to be reading. At times there is a disarming, an almost ecstatic, innocence about the way he uses quotes as if he had just heard of these beautiful ideas and wanted to share his enthusiasm with the world. After smiling with pleasure as we do when a child discovers the beauty of a leaf or a poem, enabling us to reexperience the wonder of responsiveness, we may sink in spirit right down to incredulity. For this is the rapture with "thoughts" of those whose minds aren't much sullied by thought. These are "thoughts" without thought: they don't come out of a line of thought or a process of thinking, they don't arise from the situation. They're "inspirations" – bright illuminations from nowhere – and this is what kids who think of themselves as poetic or artistic or creative think ideas are: noble sentiments. They decorate a movie and it is easy for viewers to feel that they give it depth, that if followed, these clues lead to understanding of the work. But if those who follow the clues come out with odd and disjunctive interpretations, this is because the "clues" are *not* integral to the movie but are clues to what else the artist was involved in while he was making the movie.

Putting into the work whatever just occurred to the artist is its own rationale and needs no justification for young Americans encouraged from childhood to express themselves creatively and to speak out whatever came into their heads. Good, liberal parents didn't want to push their kids in academic subjects but oohed and aahed with false delight when their children presented them with a baked ashtray or a woven doily. Did anyone guess or foresee what narcissistic confidence this generation would develop in its banal "creativity"? Now we're surrounded, inundated, by artists. And a staggering number of them wish to be or already call themselves "film-makers."

A few years ago a young man informed me that he was going to "give up" poetry and avant-garde film (which couldn't have been much of a sacrifice as he hadn't done anything more than talk about them) and devote himself to writing "art-songs." I remember asking, "Do you read music?" and not being especially surprised to hear that he didn't. I knew from other young men that the term "art" used as an adjective meant that they were by-passing even the most rudimentary knowledge in the

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field. Those who said they were going to make art movies not only didn't consider it worth their while to go to see ordinary commercial movies, but usually didn't even know anything much about avant-garde film. I did not pursue the subject of "art-songs" with this young man because it was perfectly clear that he wasn't going to do anything. But some of the young who say they're going to make "art movies" are actually beginning to make movies. Kids who can't write, who have never developed any competence in photography, who have never acted in nor directed a play, see no deterrent to making movies. And although most of the results are bad beyond our wildest fears, as if to destroy all our powers of prediction, a few, even of the most ignorant, pretentious young men and women, are doing some interesting things.

Yet why are the Hollywood movies, even the worst overstuffed ones, often easier to sit through than the short experimental ones? Because they have actors and a story. Through what is almost a technological fluke, 16 mm movie cameras give the experimental film-maker greater flexibility than the "professional" 35 mm camera user, but he cannot get adequate synchronous sound. And so the experimentalists, as if to convert this liability into an advantage, have asserted that their partial use of the capabilities of the medium is the true art of the cinema, which is said to be purely visual. But their visual explorations of their states of consciousness (with the usual implicit social protest) get boring, the mind begins to wander, and though this lapse in attention can be explained to us as a new kind of experience, as even the purpose of cinema, our desire to see a movie hasn't been satisfied. (There are, of course, some young film-makers who are not interested in movies as we ordinarily think of them, but in film as an art-medium like painting or music, and this kind of work must be looked at a different way – without the expectation of story content or meaning.) They probably won't be able to make satisfying *movies* until the problems of sound are solved not only technically but in terms of drama, structure, meaning, relevance.

It is not an answer to toss on a spoofing semi-synchronous sound track as a number of young film-makers do. It can be funny in a cheap sort of way – as in Robert Downey's *Chafed Elbows* where the images and sound are, at least, in the same style; but this isn't fundamentally different from the way George Axelrod works in *Lord Love a Duck* or Blake Edwards in *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?*, and there's no special reason to congratulate people for doing underground what is driving us down there. Total satire is opportunistic and easy; what's difficult is to make a movie about something – without making a fool of yourself. Kenneth Anger did it with *Scorpio Rising*. Yet few others have taken that wonderful basic precaution of having a subject or of attempting to explore the world.

Is Hollywood interested in the young movement? If it attracts customers, Hollywood will eat it up, the way *The Wild Angels* has already fed upon *Scorpio Rising*. At a party combining the commercial and non-commercial worlds of film, a Hollywood screen writer watched as an underground film-maker and his wife entered. The wife was wearing one of those classic film-makers' wives' outfits: a simple sack of burlap in natural brown, with scarecrow sleeves. The screen writer greeted her enthusiastically, "I really dig your dress, honey," he said, "I used to have a dress like that once."

PAULINE KAEL

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Check the Boom

Sirs:

James Tobin's excellent review of the present state of the economy ("Check the Boom," September 3) mentioned but did not sufficiently stress the most disturbing trend of all: the Vietnam war abroad has become a redistributive war at home. Private policies and public policies together are producing an upward shift in the distribution of income that is probably without parallel since the 1920's.

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tax reductions in 1964 that favored both corporations and upper income brackets set the stage. As the economy moved toward higher levels of capacity, corporate profits responded handsomely and profits after tax have increased as a proportion of national income. The Administration's excessive reliance on monetary policy has raised interest rates to unprecedented levels and further redistributes income from debtors to creditors.

In turn, the Vietnam war becomes the occasion for restricting budget appropriations for poverty programs and public housing. The interest rate increases further reduce private housing starts, with continued deterioriation in this sector. The increases in the cost of living, although modest, exact their toll on low income groups.

Comparisons among periods of war spending are difficult – the economy always starts from a different employment level and with a different composition of output, but it may be noted that World War II brought a major downward redistribution of income in the American economy and even the Korean War did not bring the increases in corporate profits that have characterized the Vietnam escalation. Corporate profits after tax rose sharply in the last six months of 1950, but thereafter fell continuously until 1954. Public policy can be made to operate effectively.

There is no recession in sight, as Professor Tobin points out. Vietnam spending will assure that the gross national product will increase. But the distribution of income from these increases is becoming more concentrated.

Jesse Burkhead
Department of Economics
Syracuse University

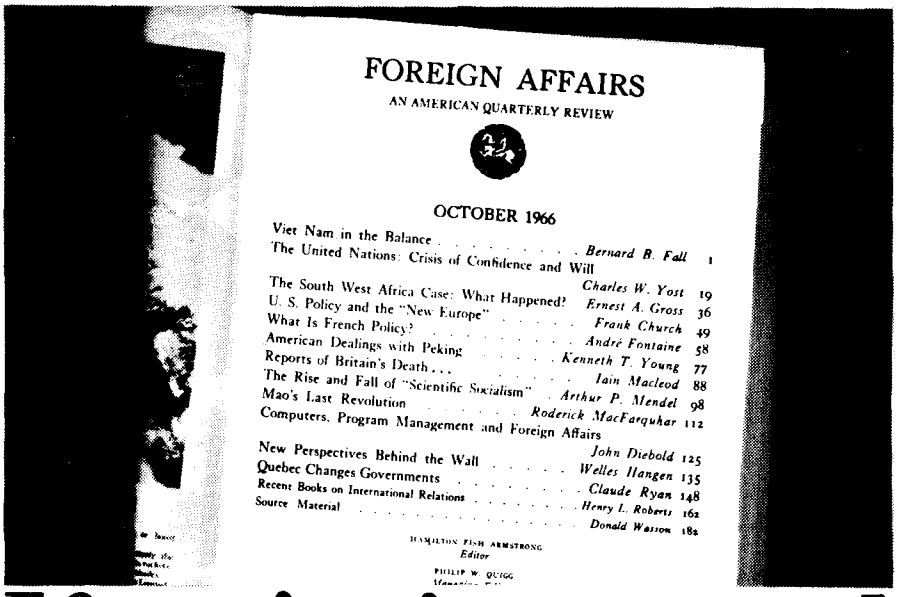
Vietnam Deserters

Sirs:

The statement in your issue of September 10 that 67,000 men deserted from the Vietnamese Army in the first six months of this year is a most alarming one. It is plain that this spectacular increase in desertions is the direct result of the increase of American military forces. It warns us that the more we escalate in that area, the more will the Vietnamese leave the battle to us. Why should they risk their lives when the Americans are so deeply committed to the winning of the war for them?

It is altogether probable that, as we continue to escalate, we will find ourselves bearing almost the whole burden of the fighting. Thus, the argument that we are "helping" the South Vietnamese to retain their independence will have an increasingly hollow sound, not only to all the rest of the world, but to ourselves as well.

Benjamin H. Kizer
Spokane, Washington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